

I Did Wrong

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Summary: After being cheated on twice by Kakashi, Iruka decided it's time to give up on the man he fell in love with and the life they built together. But Kakashi isn't ready to give up on his lover and he's willing to do whatever it takes to show Iruka what their marriage means to him. (kakairu - Mpreg, Slightly AU)

1. Chapter 1

I posted this story b4, but my computer was stolen in the airport during my trip from Seoul to Lisbon, and bc it wasn't locked, someone had access to my fb and fanfic account. fortunately I was using fb on my phone and I got a notification and it blocked itself. But the same didn't happen here. Not only all my stories were deleted but my email and password were changed too. I've been trying to recover my account but I can't :(I had to create a this new account and I'm rewriting my stories again, but unfortunately all my stories were saved in my computer. I only found some chapters of this one on my phone, so this time it's slightly different. RR

A/N: as you know English is not my first language. Sorry for any spelling mistakes.

****Disclaimer****: I do not own Naruto.

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><p>Chapter 1<p>

"Just sign the damn papers, please! I can't take this anymore." Iruka attempted to calm himself as he cried out to his husband. The silver-haired man stood there emotionless. Typical Hatake Kakashi.

"We can work this out. What the hell happened to working things out

in a marriage?" Kakashi exclaimed, throwing the paper the ChÅ«nin handed him across the room. Those papers would ruin his life forever.

"How many times, Kakashi? How many times do you do this to me to sit around and wait for you to change?" Iruka raised his hand on his forehead, softened his tone, and looked into Kakashi's only visible eye. "I'm tired of being the one who holds the relationship together. I'm so tired." Kakashi choked. What could he say? It was the second time the ChÅ«nin caught him with a another lover. "Sign the divorce papers and let me leave. Let me go so you can fuck every person you want and tell them everything you told me. Promise them everything you promised me. But tell me Kakashi, are they going to be the one you break down on? Are they going to have what we had? Are they?!"

Iruka walked towards him and stared into his dark-grey eye. They were just feet away from each other, but the ChÅ«nin felt miles apart from the silver-haired man.

Iruka began to walk towards the papers he spent time on for weeks. The JÅ•nin held his wrist gently and pleaded with him silently. Kakashi looked at the tanned man's back turned to him and right then and there he knew he fucked up. Bad.

Iruka's heart broke into pieces because he was dying for the copy-nin to apologize. Deep down Iruka yearned for Kakashi to hold his wrist and ask him again to work things out. He wanted to hear the sweetest words that would bring him back into the JÅ•nin's arms. But Kakashi stopped. Instead, he stood there speechless. Iruka pushed his gloved hand off his wrist roughly and picked up the papers.

Right before he walked out Iruka turned and looked at him. "I hate you, bastard."

Kakashi remained firm. "I'm sorry."

"I swear to God I won't shed another tear for you. No more. I deserve better and you know that." Iruka walked out, leaving Kakashi with a heartache.

As Iruka walked out from the Hatake compound, he put his hand on his stomach and sighed. Everything came crashing down at once. He remembered walking in and seeing Kakashi with someone else. He remembered the four years he stayed devoted to the copy-nin.

"Oh Kami, what am I gonna do?" Tears rushed down from his dark-brown eyes. He looked down at his stomach again and caressed it softly. "You're the only thing that's keeping me holding on." He whispered through his tears and frown. "And he doesn't need to know."

* * *

><p>The next day, Iruka didn't feel like going to the Academy or the Mission Desk, hell he didn't even feel like waking up. He just wanted to sulk into his sheets and not get up. But he knew he needed to go to work and then visit Tsunade and Takemaru; it was long overdue.<p>

He groaned as he stood up and went straight to the bedroom. He took

his clothes off and stared himself in the mirror. He couldn't understand how this happened to him. It wasn't possible, he was a man...But then he remembered that one time Kakashi had sex with him while he was hanged as a woman. It was their anniversary and he wanted to make a surprise to the copy-nin by using Naruto's Sexy Technique. In that time he really didn't think about the consequences of it.

He sighed softly as he stepped into the shower. Kakashi didn't need to know about it. He wouldn't know, but Iruka knew it would be impossible to hide it.

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"Umino Iruka." The nurse called in the waiting room, giving the teacher a weird look. Iruka understood it but didn't blame her, he would also find it strange for a man mark an appointment with a gynecologist. "Follow me." The nurse pressed a code into a machine and the hospital patient section opened.

Iruka looked around the doctor's office and blew out a breath of air. Baby pictures flooded the room. There was a baby girl dressed in a purple dress wrapped in her parents' arms. Iruka smiled sadly because he knew that love portrayed in the picture would never be his reality. Maybe it just wasn't meant for him.

The doctor, Takemaru, stepped in a few moments later. "Well Iruka-sensei, your baby is doing fine." He said as he cleaned up Iruka's lower stomach.

Tsunade was right beside him, looking stunned at the ChÅ«nin.

"Thanks." Iruka replied as he straightened himself up.

"On the other hand, Iruka-sensei, you do seem unpleasant. Is there anything stressful occurring in your life at this moment?" The concerned doctor asked as Iruka set aside his tools.

Iruka's eyes wondered around the room for a minute._ Is there? When isn't there?_ He thought. "Somewhat." His tone was uncomfortable.

"And this doesn't have to do with the baby's other father?" Tsunade asked.

Iruka looked up at her, but didn't answer. Tsunade and Takemaru were the only ones who knew about his 'pregnancy'. After he collapsed during a lesson in the Academy, he was taken to the hospital. Takemaru was the one who attended him. The medic-nin had to call the Hokage, not believing in Iruka's exams results.

Tsunade sighed and sat beside him. "Iruka I know what's going on between you and Kakashi but you need to think about this child you're carrying now. Stress does no good for the baby. Try to avoid little things that may cause you to be stressed. Take a nap during the day or go for a nice walk outside, for instance. I think you can teach for the next two months but I don't want you to work in Misson desk anymore. I know how stressful that place is." She patted Iruka's shoulder softly.

"Thank you Tsunade-sama." He whispered.

She smiled. "These feelings and fears are common. You have no reason to be stressed, Iruka. Take everything slow and steady and I promise you'll win."

Slow and steady...

* * *

><p>Iruka sat on the couch with a loud sigh. It had already been a month he didn't see Kakashi. Iruka had decided to stay at his long time friend Izumo's apartment while being separated from Kakashi. Izumo was nothing more than a friend, the copy-nin also knew that. Izumo was Iruka's best friend and closest person to confide. Besides, the ChÅ«nin liked his friend's small apartment that had enough room for the both of them.<p>

A frantic knock on the door could be heard miles away. It could only be one person. He knew the first place Iruka would go to was Izumo's place. He couldn't stay with Naruto. The blond's apartment was too small. But there was also Anko and Genma, but no way he would go there, because they would tell him, 'I told you so...' and he didn't need that.

"Who is that banging like a beast from the jungle?" Izumo laughed as he sat across the couch from Iruka.

The tanned man's heart started pumping quick. He could sense Kakashi's chakra and he could tell that the man was angry. "Go see." He nodded his head towards the door.

"I think it must be Kotetsu..." Izumo said as he made his way over to the door. "Er...Iruka-kun, I think it's for you" Izumo said loudly as he walked away from the door.

"Can you ask Iruka to stop acting like a little boy and come talk to me?" Kakashi said, raising his voice so that Iruka would hear him.

"I'm sorry Kakashi-san but I'm not sure that's such a great idea right now." Izumo called. He left the door open and walked towards the couch Iruka sat on, which was away from the door so he couldn't see Kakashi and the copy-nin couldn't see him either.

"Enough with the crap. He's my husband. I want to see him. Now."

Izumo could see that Kakashi hadn't been sleeping. His lonely eye was blood shot red and the visible part of face looked paler than usual. He looked drained, like had just come back from a mission, but that was nothing compared to what Iruka was going through. Kakashi meant what he said, too. Iruka was still his husband.

The teacher stood up and walked towards the door with a stare that could freeze Hell.

This wasn't the way it was suppose to be. "Izumo, excuse us please." he said timidly as he walked over to the door.

As Izumo passed Iruka, he whispered in his ear, "I'll be upstairs."

Iruka nodded and watched his friend going up the stairs. He turned to the man in front of him and glared. "What do you want?" he wrapped his arms around himself and looked straight in Kakashi's eye.

"You're just going to walk out like that and not even say a word to me to know you're ok?" Kakashi replied lowering his mask. He bent his head closer to Iruka's face. His tall frame hovered over the ch  nin's slender self.

Iruka starred at him with disbelief. This man had the nerve to indirectly place some kind of blame on him. "Walk out? You walked out on me the first time you were with Yamato. Don't talk about walkin' out, Kakashi. You were the first to do it and the last. Don't you dare play that card with me! You wanna make me feel bad? You're a sick person. Screw you..." Iruka started to shake and tears began to form.

He was way too sensitive around the j  nin. Too damm sensitive. Iruka spent too much time worrying about how to please Kakashi and how to keep him wanting him. He bit his tongue and didn't mention his opinion if it meant it would be overriding Kakashi's. From the day Iruka met him before the ch  nin exams, Kakashi always spoke like he knew what he was saying and nobody else could tell him different. The teacher was worried that if he tried to push the copy-nin away or if he would leave, Kakashi wouldn't come back. And now that was his reality - the J  nin didn't even try to get in touch with him after he left. Kakashi had just accepted his leaving.

"Would you just stop for two seconds and think about what your stubborn ass is saying. I love you dammit. I love you, Iruka. I fucked up and I know it." Iruka began to walk away, towards the couch again not wanting to turn around, because he knew if he did, he would just make a mistake. "No! Stop walking away." Kakashi said roughly.

"You're hurting me. Over and over and over you hurt me. Just leave me alone. Do me that one favor, Kakashi. Let me learn how to deal! I lost you once before and I can deal with it again." Iruka couldn't take it anymore. It was like trying to fix something but that one piece was always going to be missing.

"How much time do you need?" Kakashi asked quietly as his eyes scattered the floor.

"None. I already know my answer." Iruka replied. Only he knew the pain that was deep down.

Kakashi sighed loudly and tried to release the frustration. "Please, Iruka ...I can explain..."

"Why? Just tell me why you did it? Am I not enough for you? What did I do wrong?" Iruka broke down. He never wanted to break down in front of him or anyone else.

He didn't like to be seen as a weak ninja.

"I'm so sorry." The J  nin pulled him close to his chest but Iruka moved back.

Kakashi bit his lower lip. He missed the tanned man's touch. His soft, delicate caramel skin. The way that he laughed about Genma's stupid jokes. He missed his messy brown shoulder-length hair in the morning and his warm body rubbing against his as they laid in bed. But most of all, he missed his lover, his friend, his partner...He missed Iruka. The sweet big-hearted teacher who was not afraid to say what was in his mind. But now, it was all gone because of a mistake. Or was it only because of that mistake?

His eyes hit the floor, back and forth, hesitantly. Kakashi took two steps closer to his love that was quickly slipping away. "I can't keep apologizing. I know I fucked up again. Iru   God, I didn't do it because I don't love you. You think I don't love you? Are you insane?"

Kakashi's voice was so tender that it made Iruka want to cry. Refusing to be broken again, he turned his face and took more steps back. As Kakashi walked towards him, he made sure Iruka face was looking directly at his.

Iruka took a deep breath. Don't cry, don't fucking cry, he thought to himself "Let me talk." Kakashi's lips immediately opened and slowly fell together again. "I am in so much pain right now that I can feel it in my soul. I stay devoted to you..bu- bu- but you..why is it always if you do something wrong then it's ok? Or you try to throw something back in my face to make me feel bad. It makes your stupid ass feel better about yourself and about what you did, doesn't it?" Iruka choked for a second, and blinked back tears but they fell anyway. "You do me wrong every time someone offers their bodies to you and you accept it. I stuck through all the shit for you to believe that we could be happy together. You ruined it. You ruined everything!" He yelled furiously as the tears were no longer held back. "I'm want the divorce and I'm not changing my mind."

It took a minute for the whole truth to sink in on Kakashi. Never had it gone this far. Sure, Iruka had walked out the door and meant for it to be over, but never the Ch  nin had gotten the paper work together to divorce him.

Iruka turned around and hung his head in shame at himself for staying by the silver-haired man's side through it all. They say shame on you for fooling me once, shame on me for fooling me twice. It was his fault. At least that was the way he felt.

He felt a sharp pain on his stomach, he had to bit his lip, so he wouldn't yelp out of pain. His hands fell to his stomach and he hugged the little tummy that was hidden under his Ch  nin uniform.

Kakashi touched Iruka's shoulders oblivious of the man's condition. "Tell me what you want me to do. I can't make you forgive me this time, can I? I don't expect you to forgive me today. I wish you would but I know you won't. Just help me. Help me to stop screwing up."

"You need to go. Now."

Iruka looked at the beautiful big mirror Izumo had hung in the middle of the room. He saw himself and his husband. All he saw was a mess. A big, huge, mess. His attention went back to the moment. But he still couldn't look Kakashi in the eye.

"Iruka, you're the one who can help me just like before...Just like when I come from a mission and you're there for me, to comfort meâ€¦to love meâ€¦to bring the human in meâ€¦Iruka, only you can help me... Iâ€¦I love you. You can, I swear."

Iruka closed his eyes as new tears started. _too late._

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

That Sunday afternoon had to be one of the most beautiful in months. People carelessly roamed the streets as they found pleasure in being outside. Iruka met up with Anko after promising they would catch up on the current events happening in their lives.

Anko was the one who "officially" introduced Kakashi to him. He remembered that after the argument they had over the ChÅ«nin's exams, Iruka went to apologise to the copy-nin and found Anko and Kakashi talking. He apologised and somehow after that they became friends.

When Sasuke left the village and almost killed Naruto, Kakashi transformed into a ticking bomb. He blamed himself for not being a better instructor and for teaching Sasuke the Jutsu that almost killed one of his students. Kakashi took any mission he saw in front of him, not even caring about how drained he was from the previous one, or how dangerous it was.

The effect Iruka had on Kakashi was amazing. Indescribable, really. In fact, it was so indescribable that it was unbelievable until people witnessed it with their own eyes. Kakashi would snap at anybody and didn't care to take advice. Iruka somehow found a way to get him to cool his reactions. And it didn't take long for the copy-nin to realise that he was sexually attracted to Iruka. But the ChÅ«nin would never be his fuck buddy, and Kakashi became immediately intrigued to find out more about Umino Iruka.

Iruka was always attracted to men. Sure, he was attracted to Kakashi. He loved everything about the JÅ«nin. The power. The mystery. Even his laziness. His pale skin with his mismatched eyes and spiky silver hair. Everything about Kakashi seduced him. Sucked him in. Iruka shouldn't have fallen for him, but he did. It was a moment in his life when he thought, _Don't give him the chance...don't do it!_ And yet he did. When he gave Kakashi the chance, they immediately fell in love.

Konoha was an open-minded village, so people didn't really care about their relationship or when the copy-nin proposed to him. He couldn't believe in his ears when Kakashi whispered softly 'marry me' to him. At first Iruka thought the JÅ«nin wasn't serious, but then he saw the ring... He couldn't say no. He loved that man and he wanted to spend the rest of his life with him.

However, time changed both Kakashi and Iruka. Not individually, but their relationship as a whole became different. After the marriage, Kakashi caused his partner pain and heartache one too many times. The hurt he caused was different than Iruka's old lovers. This was the kind of hurt that keeps you up at night, retracing every step you have made with the person you love. The kind of hurt that makes you put a guard up, not so much to keep others out, but to keep yourself locked in.

After all that, the J  nin still possessed his mind, body, and soul. Iruka wouldn't know what to do with his life without Kakashi. Time would have to be on his side. He would have to re-adjust, makes some changes...learn to deal.

Anko joined him in a coffee shop. "Tell me again exactly why you are going to file for divorce?" She asked him as she sat quietly at the back booth.

Iruka signed frustratingly. He unbounded his hitae-ate and massaged his temples. "Because, I've told you a hundred times, Kakashi and I are through. He can't control his dick and I can't control my heart." His reply murmured was a surprise to both Anko and him.

Iruka sipped his sweet and light coffee and watched Anko's jaw drop. Iruka, became uncomfortable by the purple-haired woman's reaction and his own words.

"Okay, I believe the part about Kakashi not being able to control his sexual desires, but what's this nonsense about you not being able to control your heart? Are you trying to tell me you don't love the man anymore? I'm not buying that crap Iruka." Anko said as she looked at him with suspicious eyes. "Hell would freeze over before you fell out of love with Kakashi ...and honestly, I don't see that happening anytime." Her sarcasm caused Iruka to show a shaky smile.

Iruka shook his head. "Thanks a lot. You make me feel so much better." he turned his head to look out the window. It was a beautiful autumn day but the view became ugly in seconds in Iruka's eyes.

"Seriously Iruka...whats up?"

"Anko, I am being serious. Kakashi doesn't love me like he used to. If you love someone, you don't cheat on them. What's wrong with me? Am I not attractive enough? Am I not strong enough? I don't get it. I can't win with him, so I give up." Iruka vented.

"Of course you're attractive, look at you Iruka-kun! You're shining. Did you see that guy's head, in the entrance, turn around when we entered this place? And do you remember how the girls in the village got sad because you said you're only attracted to men and you had a lover? Come on Iruka, give yourself some more credit." Anko replied.

It was true. Iruka turned his head slightly to the left and saw a young looking man staring and whispering at his friend. Iruka slightly smirked and blushed deeply. He still had it. He doubted himself at times, saying he was chubby and didn't like his body, yet other people had no problem appreciating his beauty. If only he had

Kakashi's attention like that.

The man was Hisayoshi - Iruka knew him. He kept locking eyes with Iruka as the teacher looked over at his table. He sat back in his shinobi uniform and just stared back and forth with Iruka, hoping to catch a smile from the ch  nin.

"Do you see him? He is totally checking you out." Anko whispered.

"Stop it! He is not. He's probably looking outside or something." Iruka wasn't full of himself and didn't believe anything until he was proven wrong.

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Kakashi put Mirai Sarutobi's 3 years old hand in his own large hand as they walked with Kurenai on the weekend. Kakashi sometimes liked to spend his time with the red-eyed woman and her daughter. Asuma was like a brother to him, so he loved walking and playing with the little girl.

Kurenai and Mirai quietly walked to the ice cream store, one store away from a coffee shop. Kakashi eye carelessly wondered around as he thought of how much Iruka liked that coffee shop. The Ch  nin would sometimes spend hours there...

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"Hi, I'm Hisayoshi Ishizuka." The dark-haired J  nin extended his hand to Anko.

Anko, caught by surprise with a smile, "Oh  hi! Hello, um, I'm Anko.. And I know you...You passed the J  nin's exams last week right?." She returned the handshake as she looked him up and down to check out his masculine physique.

He nodded smiling lightly. "And you must be Iruka-sensei?" His blue eyes looked over at Iruka and also put his hand out.

Iruka frowned. He knew Hisayoshi when he was Ch  nin, but they never talked before. Hisayoshi was a field Ch  nin. He was always in missions. He was strong enough to be a J  nin, at least it was what Iruka heard and he also heard that the dark-haired man never wanted to enter the J  nin's exams. But seems like he'd changed his mind.

"Yes ." Iruka replied softly and shook his hand. Iruka gave him a weak shake but only because he was caught off guard. He didn't think Hisayoshi would actually leave his table to approach them.

"Can I buy you guys some dessert? I know it might be forward, but you caught me starrng at you so I thought, if I made an ass out of myself already, let me at least introduce myself before you think I really am one." Hisayoshi stated.

Iruka shook his head lightly and chuckled. He flashed the J  nin a bright smile. "That's very nice of you Hisayoshi-san, but I don't think that's necessary. Thank you for the offer."

"But I insist. Let me get you something. What would you like?" Hisayoshi directed his attention to Anko, who was cheesing the whole time at the way Iruka blushed at this man's persistence.

"He would like chocolate chip muffins and so do I" Anko said, not caring if she was forward as well. Hey, he offered, and she was not going to turn down dessert.

"Anko!" Iruka exclaimed as he squinted his eyes.

"I'll be back." Hisayoshi replied with a chuckle.

"Are you insane? I do not want a damn muffin from this guy. I don't even know him very well...Only by name! He's going to think we're losers for taking a freaking muffin from him!"

"Relax Iru-kun. Who cares about what he thinks! Stop worrying about what people think and if you can have your cake and eat it too, well, then do it." Anko had a good point. It wasn't that serious. He was simply conversing with a guy who was really pleasant to the eyes and kind with his words. "Don't look, don't look, don't look." The words were barely audible.

"What? Don't look where?" Iruka questioned her. He shifted his head parallel with Anko's direction. He saw his soon-to-be ex-husband outside with Kurenai and Mirai. Iruka roughly turned his head to Anko. "Don't you dare say a word, Anko. Don't signal anything. Do not do anything." He said seriously. He wasn't ready to face Kakashi after their blow up at Izumo's house.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything." Anko said.

But you couldn't blame anyone on the fact that Kakashi caught them from a distance. Iruka panicked when he couldn't see Kakashi outside anymore, he put back his hitae-ate and became flushed. "If he comes in here, I'm walking out. No joke, Anko. I don't want to see his face. I cannot see him."

Nobody could have stopped Kakashi from coming in the shop. As Iruka saw the silver-haired man making his way into the back of the shop, his hands trembled. He saw Hisayoshi walking back in their direction, too. The exit looked too far away.

Anko rose out of the booth and called out to her friend. "What the hell- Iruka! Iruka, where are you going?!"

Iruka's thoughts ran through his head so quickly he couldn't put together half of the things going on in there. _Damn these small spaces between each table. Damn, damn, damn..._

Not being able to escape Kakashi because of the small spaces to walk through, he was stuck to face him...or not. He started was ready to perform the transportation jutsu, but Kakashi caught his arm and softly pulled him ear to his masked mouth.

"Whoa, whoa...come on, Iruka. Talk to me." He whispered in his ear as the teacher attempted to pass him.

Kakashi voice brought shivers down Iruka's spine. His feet, covered in comfortable flip flops, felt like they were stuck in

cement.

Kakashi wanted to touch his Iruka, throw the chÅ«nin on the floor right then and there and take him. He missed Iruka more than words could explain. He was going to get his chÅ«nin back, no matter what.

"Move out of my walk!" Iruka whispered sharply in Kakashi's ear. He couldn't look into his dark-grey eye, afraid he would fall deep into it as he had before. How could someone look at the person they love after that person has hurt them so bad? It was nearly impossible.

"Calm down. I just want to speak to you. Why won't you give me that chance?" Kakashi stepped back and looked at the ChÅ«nin. Iruka was beautiful. His soft, tanned skin glistened in the light.

He could see he was starting to draw an audience as they stood in the center of the coffee shop. He didn't care though - they could have stared all they wanted, but what he wanted was to explain himself.

"We don't need to talk. Your actions spoke for you." Iruka stepped to the side, pushing his shoulder against Kakashi's as he attempted to withdraw from his touch.

"I know they did, and I'm sorry. You're not going to never speak to me again...I'm your life partner Iruka, you do understand that, right?" Kakashi asked, almost sarcastically.

"Unfortunately" Iruka muttered under his breath. The ChÅ«nin could see Hisayoshi returning with a few things in his hands from a distance. _Shit_, Iruka thought.

He looked back over his shoulder to see Anko staring with a 'what-do-you-want-me-to-do?' face. Hisayoshi continued to walk towards Iruka and Kakashi with a small smile on his face.

"Hey! Hope you weren't leaving before desert" Hisayoshi chuckled.

The atmosphere became quieter and as the dark-haired JÅ•nin realized Iruka only gave a half smile back, he raised his eyebrows.

"Who are you?" Kakashi asked in a very annoyed tone.

"He's none of your business. Kakashi, turn around and walk out. You're honestly causing a scene" Iruka said harshly. The jÅ•nin slept with other people, therefore it was none of his business who Iruka talked to.

"Um...am I missing something?" Hisayoshi asked with a puzzled look.

"Yeah you are. Who are you buying desert for? Iruka is with me, keep it moving." Kakashi told him sternly. Nobody was going to talk to his Iruka, whether the ChÅ«nin was mad at him or not.

"Didn't seem like he was with anyone a few minutes ago." Hisayoshi didn't care about Kakashi's attitude, he knew damn well the famous

Hatake Kakashi of the Sharingan, but he wasn't intimidated at all, and that pissed off Kakashi even more.

"You better watch your mouth, I don't wanna cause a scene but if you make, I will" Kakashi raised his voice and grabbed Hisayoshi by his shirt collar.

"Stop!" Iruka shoved Kakashi away from Hisayoshi by the chest as an attempt to diffuse the situation.

Kakashi grabbed Iruka's arm and pushed the teacher with him outside. Now he was pissed.

Iruka stood outside with his arms crossed, his hair in the high ponytail gently blowing up from the light wind. Kakashi couldn't help but take notice of how beautiful and young Iruka looked. The thought of another man getting the chance to touch his chÅ«nin, know him, or buy him things killed the copy-nin. Yet, he was the one who let them get in the situation they were in now.

Iruka's back was against the wall of an adjacent store and Kakashi was so close to him, Iruka could smell the scent of his cologne. It smelt sexy..strong..perfect for the JÅ•nin.

"You stop talking to me for a few days and you got guys buying you shit and letting them get the idea that you're single?" Kakashi exclaimed.

"Since when do you care about that? In case you haven't figured it out, in my mind we are separated, God dammit. You enjoy fucking other people, maybe I should start enjoying the same!" Iruka should be shocked by his own response but he wasn't. How dare Kakashi question him and assume things in the situation they were in.

"Iruka, you keep talking like that and the fact that I cheated on you is not gonna save you from me taking you to a bedroom, ripping your clothes off, and showing you who your body belongs to." Kakashi replied closely to his lips.

Iruka shuttered at the thought and closed his eyes. Even if he hated Kakashi for doing what he did, the chÅ«nin loved to be in his arms, in his bed, under his power. But too many have gone there while he believed he was the only one, and those images haunted him more than his passion for the older man.

Kakashi tugged his mask down and moved closer to Iruka's lips, using every muscle in his body to refrain from kissing them. They were luscious, ripe, and ready to be devoured, if only he had the chance.

Iruka looked inviting, too. He hoped his body language gave off a defensive feel, but Kakashi knew that wasn't the case.

"Tell me, how have you been?" Kakashi asked softly.

"Why do you care to ask?" Iruka whispered angrily.

"You can be such a stubborn person, do you know that?"

"You can be an ignorant, prick, too. You can't just talk to me

whenever seems right for you. It doesn't work that way."

Kakashi was close, too damn close. Iruka felt his body betraying him. He wanted to capture those pale lips in a deep and passionate kiss.

Kakashi cursed as he felt an uncomfortable prickling sensation in his left arm. "Fuck. I'm being summoned. Iruka I have to go, but please at 7pm I want you to meet me at that restaurant next to Ichiraku." He instructed.

"No" Iruka stated simply as he began to walk away. Kakashi held his wrist and the ch  nin put his hand on top of his gloved one. "I said no Kakashi, not this time." Iruka looked him directly in his eye. The soft dark-brown eyes appeared darker than they'd been for a while.

Kakashi looked down at their bonded hands. "Please 7pm or  !"

"Or what?" The teacher tempted.

Kakashi saw Kurenai and Mirai coming towards them and backed away from Iruka. "I'm going now. Please don't forget. 7am." Said that the j  nin disappeared in puff of smoke.

"Iruka-sensei!" The vibrant girl ran to Iruka making him forget all that just happened.

"Hi Mirai-chan" Iruka lifted Mirai in his arms and held the little girl tightly against his shoulder. "Hello Kurenai." He greeted Kurenai who just smiled and nodded to him.

It felt like forever since he had seen Mirai. When Kurenai started taking missions again, she would asked Iruka look over her daughter. The Ch  nin sometimes saw Mirai like a daughter in a sense. It pained him to hold the little girl in his arms and think of his baby growing in his stomach without Kakashi in his life. There had to be a way it could work.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

5:30 pm.

6:30 pm.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Iruka paced back and forth in his small apartment. He'd moved out of Izumo's place soon after staying a few weeks with him. The teacher needed his own space and time to think without contaminating his mind with the harsh opinions of others. He knew it was easy for friends to criticize him for his na  ve decisions. At times, he criticized himself as well and rightly so.

Now he had time to think about another decision.

"To go, or not to go, that is the question." Iruka whispered to

himself as he twirled back and forth in front of the mirror. He unzipped his vest and lifted his shirt. He rubbed his stomach and twisted his neck to ease some pain he felt creeping around his shoulders and down his back. His stomach was still small. It didn't show that he was pregnant at all. He sighed._ Who said that it was a good idea to use Naruto's Sexy Technique?_

It was another bad decision he made; to listen Genma's love advices. But he couldn't blame the special J  nin. It was his own fault. He wanted to make the Naruto's technique better, make it morerealistic. But he ended up making a big mistake. Not only his body had changed outside but inside too. And he remembered that he couldn't change back to his male form after that. It took two days for him to change back, and during these two days Kakashi had no stop sex with him.

It wasn't anyone fault but his. Now there was the result. He was pregnant. What people would say? It wasn't natural. He would be judged, and he wasn't ready. People could accept him loving and marrying another man, but how would they react about his pregnancy. He didn't know if he could do this alone._ If at least Kaka  no Iruka, you don't need him, you never did. He doesn't have to know about this  about this baby._ He thought to himself. But he knew he couldn't hide it. Soon or later people would know... Kakashi would know.

He pulled his hair into a pony tail, away from his glowing face_. It is true what they said - being pregnant gives one a glow._

He walked back and forth from his bedroom to the hallway again and again. He did it repetitively, hoping when he reached the hallway once again he would come up with a decision. He didn't know whether he wanted to give Kakashi another chance.

"A chance? It's not really a chance. I'm not giving him a chance to do anything. Maybe talking to him will ease my mind." He said to himself. "Great - now I'm having conversations with myself." He rolled his eyes and walked down the hall.

He glanced to the digital clock sitting on his cabinet. 7:00pm.

He zipped back his vest, put his hitae-ate, locked the door, and made his way to the restaurant. It's now or never.

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Iruka entered the restaurant. It was more packed than usual. He looked at the clock on one of the restaurant's wall as he followed the hostess to his seat where Kakashi was waiting for him. 7:45 pm.

Iruka was surprised to see the J  nin. He was late and Kakashi was waiting for him and not the other way around. It was the first time this happened. The copy-nin was always late.

"Nice of you to show up." Kakashi said lightly agitated as he stood up to greet Iruka.

"You're lucky I did." Iruka replied as he sat down. The table was quiet, and Iruka looked around to see couples all around him, talking and laughing happily. He really didn't want to stay there. "You

wanted to talk?"

Kakashi sighed. "How are you?"

"Fine. Yourself?" Iruka replied, staring into Kakashi's eye.

Kakashi touched the side of Iruka's face with his knuckles. Iruka turned and looked away. "I'm alright. I miss you."

"Kakashi, do you ever think we could work this out?" Iruka looked across the room.

"I do."

"How? How can I forgive you?"

"Iru, it's not going to take a day, I know. But you have to want it. If you don't want this, making it work will never happen." Kakashi stated sternly.

Iruka didn't want to admit it but he didn't know if he wanted to make it work. He didn't know if it was worth it. Would the memory of the past haunt him forever? If it did, he couldn't go on being with the J  nin. "Sometimes I think it's better to walk away than try to glue the broken pieces back together, pretending the new and imperfect is better than the old." He stated honestly.

"Maybe you're right, Iruka. But not in this case. Not with someone you've been with for four years. Not with your other half!" Kakashi pleaded.

Iruka wanted to say something. Something that would hurt him more than Kakashi but they were suddenly interrupted by the waiter.

"Good evening. I'm Taji and I'll be your waiter for the evening. Can I start you off with something to drink?" The waiter asked politely with a bright smile.

"We'll have sak  |" Kakashi replied.

"No, no sak   for me tonight. I'll have water, please." Iruka told the hefty waiter. He nodded and returned to the kitchen.

"No sak  ?" Kakashi looked at him puzzled.

Iruka didn't want Kakashi to know why now he hated the taste of alcohol, even the smell of it made him wanting to throw up. Plus, he was pregnant and Tsunade had highly recommend no alcohol during pregnancy. "Not tonight." He opened the menu and gazed around it, looking for something to eat.

Usually he would be tense, but he was starving. His appetite was growing daily. The Kamameshi sounded delicious to him. He remembered he would cook it for Kakashi when he returned from a mission.

"Remember the night after the spring festival last year? You had gone on a two weeks mission and you were two days late. I was so worried. I made Kamameshi for you, hoping you would somehow think of me, my cooking and our home and come home faster." Iruka giggled to himself

and shook his head. "How silly of me...I heard that you had come from that mission four days earlier...And you don't know how I feel to found you in the in red light district? Nothing could keep you from being with those women, huh?" Iruka tilted his head and stared at Kakashi seriously, hoping for a reaction. It was so hard to get one from the J  nin with that mask covering part of his face.

"Iruka, I didn't sleep with any of those women, I already told you. It was only with Tenz  . And I did it because I was stupid and scared. When you told me I was the best thing that happened to you, I ran the other direction. I didn't understand how I could be that for you when I wasn't even happy with myself. I knew you deserved better, and I sincerely wanted to be better for you, but I didn't think I could. Iruka, I thought maybe if I cheated on you, you would leave and make it easier for me to leave, too. I loved you so much it scared me. You were against so many people who meant so much to you for me. And for what? I was garbage. I treated you like shit. I never opened up to you. I shut you out, and that made me feel like crap. I swear Tenz   meant nothing to me. Just another fuck. Nothing, Iru. I have to wake up every day remembering what I did, and you never stop reminding me. You don't give me a chance to do better because of your negative thinking." Kakashi took Iruka's hands in his and rubbed the ch  nin's ring finger. "Where's the ring?" He asked, his jaw clenched.

"I threw it away the day I gave you the papers." Iruka shook his head thinking about the j  nin's previous comment. "I'm thinking negatively? Are you out of you mind, Kakashi? I'm trying to deal with your bullshit, and you tell me I'm thinking negatively? Excuse me if it's hard to look past the image of your husband in bed with another man!" He snapped.

"Shhhh - lower your voice!" Kakashi whispered sharply as he looked around, making sure nobody was paying attention.

"You have some nerve even talking to me like that, Kakashi. You really have no idea what you did to me, do you? I waited for you night after night, hoping you would come home. I lay in bed, thinking of all the possible places you could be. Worried when you were late from a mission. Never once did I imagine you were in the arms of another person. Never," Iruka began to tear up. "Never." he repeated over and over, in disbelief of the state he found himself in.

Kakashi sighed. "I get that, Iruka, I do. But you need to work with me to get better. You have to give me a second chance, please. It's the only way."

"I don't know if I can do that." Iruka replied as he wiped under his eyes.

"You have to try. Just try, please." Kakashi pleaded as he leaned in closer to Iruka's face.

The ch  nin moved back when he felt the silver-haired man's face come close to his lips. "You know, I had dreams that something was wrong. I had a dream that you were talking to a woman, other times with a man, and that I was crying. I couldn't stop crying in my dream. I just kept thinking, 'Why is he hurting me?' It felt just as bad in my dreams as it did in real life." Iruka explained. He was simply trying

to get his feelings across. It was so hard getting through to Kakashi, but he desperately wanted the man to understand his pain. If it didn't work out between them, it would be okay, as long as Kakashi understood what he put him through emotionally.

"That's not a dream. That's a nightmare." Kakashi said with sadness in his eye.

Iruka shifted uncomfortably in his seat. It was so hard to be inches away from the jōnin without touching him. "Yeah...I thought it was a nightmare, but it was my intuition, and I didn't listen. I regret that so much, Kakashi. I wish I listened to my head instead of my selfish heart."

"You love me so much it's hard to think with your head. I do, too, you know. I love you Iruka. I really do." Kakashi stated matter-of-factly as he kissed the tanned knuckle. Iruka shivered.

"You're wrong Kakashi-san. I loved you. I don't know what I feel right now." Iruka said as he held onto Kakashi's hand tighter, not wanting to let it go.

* * *

><p>Just kill me and get it over with, Anko thought as the pounding echoed again. She blinked a couple times, rousing herself awake enough to realize that the pounding was not in her head. She looked at the clock, thinking, _ Who the fuck pounds on a woman's door at three-thirty in the morning?_

She dragged herself out of bed and shuffled down the hall toward the front door. Staggering, she hopped to her left as a sharp pain jolted up her leg. "Ow! Shit! Some ninja you are Anko..." She hobbled to the couch, propping herself against the arm as she grabbed her big toe. "Damn bar chairs!" It was her own fault. She should have turned on the light.

The pounding became a bit erratic.

"Yeah, yeah! I'm coming," She yelled as he sensed a very familiar chakra in the other side of the door. She crossed the rest of the living room far more awake than she wanted to be at that hour. She yanked open the door. "What?!"

Iruka's bloodshot, blurred, swollen eyes looked back at him from under an unruly mat of brown hair. "Anko, I'm starving."

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Anko blinked once, blinked twice, and still the image in front of her didn't seem right. Iruka in his pyjamas, sitting in her kitchen and happily eating something that she cooked. She cooked. And the thing was that Iruka was saying how delicious it was. Anko knew that she was a bad cook. She'd tasted the food and it was horrible, not to talk about the smell. So how could Iruka say that it tasted good?

She knew something was off with the Chōnin. He looked always tired

and his stomach was slightly bigger._ Is he sick?_ She thought as she remembered the day she overheard the Hokage saying to him to stop teaching and get more rest.

Anko needed answers. She was worried about Iruka. What if he was really sick? And she was letting him eat her cooking. Wasn't it going to make it worse?

Iruka stopped eating as he looked at his food. After the 4th bowl of whatever Anko had cooked, he started feeling the real taste of it. And it was horrible. How could he eat that? Most importantly, why was he eating that? Oh, he remembered; He woke up craving for Anko's cooking.

He tried to go back to sleep and ignore it, but he couldn't. So he found himself, three o'clock in the morning, heading to Anko's house.

He frowned when he thought about what Tsunade had told him about the stages of pregnancy, and it was too early for him to start having cravings, but then, his pregnancy wasn't like the other ones.

A wave of nausea hit Iruka when the smell of the food hit his nose. He swayed on his feet and if possible the nausea got worst. He dashed for the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. He heaved in to the toilet seat, surprised that he was vomiting a lot, considering the fact that he didn't have breakfast and dinner. His lunch had been a small cheese sandwich from the Academy's cafeteria. It was Anko's food for sure. He'd eaten four bowls of that garbage. He wondered what she'd put on that food. He didn't have time to ponder on what Anko had cooked for him for another heave escaped his mouth, sending whatever contents he had in his stomach in to the porcelain white bowl.

"Iruka-kun! Are you okay? Oi! Iruka!" Anko pounded on the bathroom door.

Before Iruka could answer, another heave racked his body. He remained doubled over the toilet seat for nearly twenty minutes until he felt the nausea disappear. He sighed and pressed the flush button before shakily getting to his feet. His knees buckled under him and he fell back on the little toilet rug with a small cry.

That was when the door finally broke open and a worried Anko stepped in to the bathroom.

"Iruka?" Anko asked with worry. She helped him getting up and taking him to her living room. Both of them sat on the couch. "Are you okay?"

Iruka nodded. "Yes, can-can you bring me water, please."

Anko, worried, went to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water. Iruka took it with shaking hands. Anko sat next to him, guilty for letting him eat her cooking.

There was a long silence before Anko spoke. "Iruka...will you tell me what's wrong? Are you sick?"

Iruka placed the glass on the coffee table and took a deep breath. It

was time for him to share this with someone else other than the Hokage. He needed someone to talk to, someone who would understand him. "I'm not sickâ€¦I'm...pregnant." He looked down at his hands, waiting for his friend's reaction.

"So," Anko began after a long minute of silence. "That's why you want to eat my food so badâ€¦you're craving for it?" Iruka nodded slowly, not looking up. He wasn't sure if that's what he was expecting to hear. "And that's why you felt sick?"

"Somewhat."

"Oh thank god," Iruka looked up when he heard Anko's relieved sigh "I thought you were sick or something. Wow I can't believe you're going to be a father Iruka-kun, that's amazing."

Now Iruka was confused. "That's it?" He asked frowning. "You're not going to ask me how? You know I'm a manâ€¦"

Anko rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Yes, I'm little choked with the news, but you know, we live in a ninja world in which we have techniques that allows us to walk on water, and control people's minds and even create clones of ourselves. I knew there must be one or two forbidden jutsu and Kakashi knew it..."

"It wasn't Kakashi." Iruka murmured looking back at his hands. "He did nothing, I did this. He doesn't even know I'm pregnant." He sighed softly before continuing. "It was our anniversary and I wanted to do something different. I used Naruto's sexy technique. But I wanted it to look moreâ€¦real and last longer. I didn't want it to dispel while we wereâ€¦you know...having sex" He paused and blushed slightly when he remembered that night. "I used a transformation technique similar to Tsunade-sama while I was using Naruto's sexy technique at the same time...And the result was that. It was all a big mess. Not only I changed outside but inside too. It took me two days to change back. Kakashi doesn't know about it, and I don't want him to know...I hate himâ€¦Iâ€¦I don't know what I'm going to do...What people will think of me? It's not natural. And what about Naruto? He's not going to look at me the same way."

"Oh Iruka, it's okay." Anko whispered holding one of Iruka's shaking hands. "Don't worry, I'm sure Naruto will understand. That kid loves you. Plus, I'm here..we're here. Me, Genma, Izumo, Kotetsu, the Hokage...everything is going to be okay.."

Iruka looked at her and smiled. "Thanks Anko."

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Iruka dismissed his class and sat slowly on his chair. Two months of pregnancy and he was already feeling it; his stomach had grown enough for him to start buying larger clothes, so he could hide it from people, and he started having morning sickness, not to talk about the extreme fatigue he felt. He tried to control his temper and keep himself calm, but it was impossible. As much as he tried, in the end of the day he would find himself yelling at someone. And it wasn't just the kids at the Academy pushing his wrong buttons, there was

Kakashi too. Whenever he met with the silver-haired jōnin, they would always end up fighting.

Iruka shook his head, pushing the image of the copy-nin in the back of his mind. He picked up the stack of assignment to begin grading it, when his eyes caught sight of the man standing in front of him.

"Hello, Iruka-sensei!" The man greeted him with a smile.

"Good morning, Yamato-san." Iruka looked up at him rather annoyed. "Can I help you?"

"Well Iruka-sensei, I came here to apologise." Yamato said, rubbing the back of neck. "I know it's rather late to do this but I really didn't know how to talk with you before. I shouldn't have done what I did and now because of me you and Kakashi-senpai"

"Yamato-san," Iruka cut him off sharply as he stood up and grabbed his things to leave. He was feeling tired anyway, he wanted to go home and rest. "You knew Kakashi was a married man, but you still..." He took a deep breath, realizing he was getting mad, and all he didn't need right now was stress. "I know what? Forget it. Just save your breath. Me and Kakashi...We were through even before I caught you with him. So you don't need to apologise, because even if you guys didn't do anything, I still would put an end in our relationship."

Yamato winced at Iruka's voice. It was full of hurt and pain and anger at the same time. "I'm really sorry Iruka-sensei"

"There's nothing to be sorry about, Yamato-san. Now if you" Iruka's voice trailed off. He felt a sudden pain in his stomach.

"Iruka-sensei? Are you alright?" Yamato asked and Iruka could feel the concern in his voice.

"No" He managed to answer. The pain was overwhelming. He put his hand on his stomach and tears began to come up in his eyes as he leaned himself against his desk for support.

"Iruka" Iruka heard his name being called out by someone, but it wasn't Yamato. It was Kakashi. He knew that voice too well. He tried to look at the jōnin but he couldn't see anything, his vision became blurred.

"What are you doing here? What did you do to him?" Iruka heard Kakashi say.

"I didn't do anything senpai, we were talking and then"

Iruka couldn't hear the rest of Yamato sentence. He felt himself being lifted before everything went black.

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Iruka woke feeling slightly dizzy. He drew his hand on his forehead and noticed that his hitae-ate was gone and his hair was down. He looked down and saw that his chōnin uniform was replaced by a

hospital gown. He shifted on the bed, trying to sit up, but two hands grabbed his shoulders and keep him down. The pain he'd felt on his stomach had receded and was nothing more than a slight pressure against his belly.

"Iruka, don't strain yourself." It was Tsunade. She looked worried at him, but Iruka somehow felt that there was more than worry in her eyes. "Lay back down, please." Iruka obeyed, slowly laying back down. "Can you remember what happened?"

Iruka looked at her puzzled. He couldn't remember how he got in the hospital. All he remembered was him talking with Yamato, then the pain on his stomach and then darkness. Iruka put his hand on his stomach when it hit him. "The baby...is it okay?"

"Yeah, she's fine." Tsunade said with a smile.

"She?"

"Yes, it's a girl. I just found out about it when I did some tests on you to see if everything's okay with you and the baby."

Iruka looked down at his slightly round belly. He couldn't help but smile. "A girl?!" He whispered to himself.

Just before Tsunade could open to speak again, she heard the footsteps along the corridor outside. Hiashi HyÅ«ga came into the room. "Iruka-sensei."

"Hiashi-san." Iruka inclined his head respectfully, but then frowned. "What are you doing here?"

"Iruka," Tsunade looked at him with concern. "The tests I did to you showed me something that really worries me, that's why I called Hiashi here. Please let him examine you."

"Why?"

"Just let him, okay?"

Iruka nodded, still not understanding why. He hoped everything was fine with his baby.

Hiashi stood in front of him, scanning over his body using his Byakugan. He looked over at Tsunade with a stunned look on his face. When she had called him for help and told him about Iruka's pregnancy, he couldn't believe at first, but now he was seeing the little life growing inside of the chÅ«nin, it was incredible. He never thought it could be possible. _A male, pregnant!?

He saw the chakra pathway system in the baby's body. _Amazing_, he thought.

"Well?" Tsunade broke the silence.

Hiashi sighed. "I can see her chakra."

"You-you can?" Iruka asked. "It's only two months, it's hard to detect the baby's chakra..."

"It's not." Tsunade sighed, folding her arms across her ample chest. "Iruka, your pregnancy is not like the others, not only because you're a male but also because it's the result of a Jutsu." she explained. "As you already noticed, your stomach is getting bigger each day. Though you're only two months pregnant, the baby is developing very fast."

"And that's bad because..."

"You see, Iruka-sensei." Hiashi said. "you know, Chakra is created when two other forms of energy are moulded together, physical and mental energy!? These two energies becoming more powerful will in turn make the created chakra more powerful..."

"Get to the point Hiashi." Tsunade glared at him.

"Your mental and physical energy are there, Iruka-sensei. That is what is left. Whatever jutsu you did, seems to have taken a lot out of you. But the strange thing is," Hiashi looked at Iruka and sighed. "It's like you're not producing anymore energy, like it has stalled itself." Iruka looked up, he'd taught about chakra a lot, and knew almost everything about it. What Hiashi just said would never be possible. "And the only chakra left in your body is being transferred to the baby's body. No wonder she's growing too fast."

Iruka's frown deepened. "How...?"

"We don't know yet, but it needs to be stopped, because it's not only your chakra that she's absorbing but your vitality too. That's why you've been growing weaker and more tired each day. Normally you gain weight during pregnancy, but you're losing it. If it keeps like this..." Tsunade bit her lower lip before continuing. "Iruka, you can die during childbirth or after it."

It felt as though Iruka's blood had turned to ice. "And is there anything we can do to stop it?" His voice shook.

"Right now, there's only one solution," Tsunade pursed her lips. She looked at him with compassion but did not shy from the truth. "interrupt the pregnancy."

The ch  nin stared at her, his heartbeat thundering in his ears. His hands went straight to his stomach. "No  |I  |don't...I can't..."

"I know Iruka. You don't have to decide this now." Tsunade said softly. "You're going to be released tomorrow. Then I want you to go home and think about it. But remember, you don't have too much time."

* * *

><p>Kakashi found himself in Konoha's ninja bar. The place was popular because of the open layout, cosy seating and well thought out lighting (subtle but not dark, giving privacy while not putting the nin on edge).<p>

He was huddled in his normal booth, the one in the very back that looked out on everything, but was hard to see from the rest of the bar. So the copy-nin could remove his mask and drink like a normal person, as he could clearly see when anybody started toward his

table.

He saw his kÅ•hai coming towards him. Kakashi quickly tugged his mask up. Yes, he did sleep with Yamato, but the younger ANBU didn't know how he looked like. No-one did. Only Iruka. He'd never kissed Yamato, because they meant nothing to him. But why couldn't Iruka understand that?!

Yes, he was stupid and insecure. They were fine. Iruka worried himself sick whenever Kakashi went out on missions and the copy-nin felt wanted. Iruka smiled when Kakashi came back and he felt better, no matter what had happened before. But still he'd betrayed the chÅ«nin.

They'd been together for 3 years already when Kakashi noticed that he'd changed. He came back to the village and had to see his chÅ«nin. Not wanted to see him but had to. Kakashi had to see him happy, had to make him smile, had to see him every day, had to have him around as often as possible, and that frightened the silver-haired man. He was a ninja and he wasn't suppose to feel fear. He wasn't suppose to feel or show weakness.

And it all happened when Iruka had started to become everything for him. The young, innocent, cute little academy teacher he'd thought was smitten for him in some kind of puppy love was on his best way to become the centre of Kakashi's life. And the jÅ•nin didn't want that. He didn't want to be that close to Iruka.

And that was the moment he started to regret about everything. He wondered why he proposed to the younger man and why he wanted to build a family with him. He didn't want Iruka to be one of his precious people. In the end they all left him and he didn't want that. He thought if he cheated, Iruka would leave him, would stop loving him and he would stop seeing the young teacher as his everything.

He was stupid, he knew it. He realised that he didn't want Iruka to leave him, he wanted the chÅ«nin to stay by his side no matter what. But it was too late. Because the day he'd realised that, Iruka had caught him with Yamato.

"Rough day?" Yamato asked sympathetically, noticing how exhausted his senpai looked as he sat across from him.

"You don't even know." Kakashi sighed.

"Is Iruka-sensei still mad at you?"

"Somewhat." Kakashi let out another sigh. Saying that Iruka was mad at him was an understatement; the chÅ«nin hated him. No. Hate was too good of a word. He despise him.

"Why don't you give him some space?"

"Huh?" Space? Yamato was suggesting him to give Iruka's some space? For what? So people would think that they were in bad terms again and give the impression that his chÅ«nin was single. No way in hell he would do that. "Look TenzÅ•, if you have nothing good to say, don't say it at all." He growled.

This time it was Yamato's turn to sigh, "I don't mean it in a bad way, senpai." He explained. "Iruka-sensei doesn't seem fine, you saw what happened today. You heard the Hokage. Iruka has been under too much stress. And it is no good for his health...it's the kids in the Academy, the ninjas in the Mission Desk, now you. He needs some rest and time.

Kakashi didn't say anything at first, he knew Yamato was right. He was being selfish. Wanting so bad to get the chÅ«nin back to him that he ended up forgetting about Iruka's pregnancy. "So what do you suggest TenzÅ«?" He asked almost like a whisper.

"I don't know...like I said, give him some space and prove him that you changed. That the Hatake Kakashi he fell in love with is still there. Make Iruka-sensei fall for you again."

"And how do I do this?"

Yamato almost rolled his eyes. Honestly, Kakashi could be a genius in the missions, but when it came to feelings and socialising, he was an utter idiot. But of course he wouldn't say that out loud. Well he couldn't blame the man. Kakashi didn't have other life other than receive orders and kill without asking. "WellÎ«Iruka-sensei will be released from the hospital tomorrow. Why don't you go there and ask him to go to a picnic with you."

Kakashi arched one silver eyebrow, "A picnic?" though it wasn't a bad idea. He could do that.

"Okay senpai, I need to go now." Yamato said standing up and Kakashi got the message. Yamato was being summoned. "Excuse me" His kÅ«hai said politely as he exited, leaving Kakashi with his thoughts.

Kakashi looked down at the beer bottle he was holding. He remembered the first time he went out with Iruka. In the beginning he didn't want anything serious with him, but as their first date went on he felt more and more captivated to the young teacher. Iruka was honest, serious and too gentle for a ninja. He was big and soft-hearted and the way talked about Naruto and his other students just made the copy-nin smile.

Iruka made him feel human. And he wanted that. He wanted someone to remind him why he should fight and come back safe to the village. He wanted the tanned man, to be beside him everyday, wait for him when he gets home from a mission; he wanted Iruka's warmth and kisses. Oh, those kisses; Kakashi had to confess that he wasn't a person who liked to kiss too much, but with Iruka was something else. He just couldn't get tired of kissing that beautiful and sweet mouth.

Kakashi groaned, closing his eyes. This time he really fucked up. But he would make the chÅ«nin love him again.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Iruka entered his apartment feeling numb and not knowing what to do.

He took off his clothes, waddled into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He waited until the water was hot enough to relax his muscles and stepped inside. It was a quick shower, only to get rid of a little tension.

"What should I do?" he whispered to himself and felt tears filling his eyes as he remembered what Tsunade had said to him about his pregnancy.

As a ninja, Iruka wasn't afraid of death. But he loved life...He loved his life; the kids at the Academy, his friends, Naruto...even Kakashi. And the thought of not seeing any of them again, scared him more than anything.

_No, I don't want to die...he felt the baby stretching luxuriously...and then giving him a very solid kick. He flinched and pressed one hand against the curve of his stomach, and started rubbing it slowly. Iruka shook his head. "I can't â€" I can never do that. I can't let you die either."

When he was done cleaning off, he toweled himself dry and looked over at his reflection. His stomach was really way too big for only two months pregnancy. He was thankful Tsunade had taught him a Jutsu to conceal it, so he didn't have to use baggy clothes to hide it anymore. It was a very simple technique that didn't require too much chakra.

He sighed softly as he gave his hair a good brushing and put it on his usual ponytail. He wore his uniform and walked towards his living room.

His apartment was ridiculously small, but it was all he could afford. Before Kakashi, Iruka worked two jobs as well as taking B and C ranked missions through the holidays and that gave him just enough to live comfortably. After his marriage with the J  nin, he really didn't have to worry about money. But now, with the pregnancy, he had only the job at the Academy â€" since Tsunade had forbidden him to work at the Mission Desk â€" and teachers didn't get paid a lot.

It wasn't like he was complaining, he loved his job as a teacher at the Academy, and if he could, he would work there for free, and the apartment wasn't so bad. He liked small spaces, but now with the baby, he knew that he needed a bigger place.

What am I thinking? he thought sadly, _I won't even be here for her anyway. When she's born, Tsunade probably will inform Kakashi and he'll raise her in the compound._

Sighing, he walked to the coffee table, remembering that he still had papers to grade. "Come on Iruka, don't think about it now..happy thoughts, ..." When he was about to sit down, there was a knock on his door.

Thinking that it could be Izumo bringing the rest of his things he'd left in his friend's house, Iruka closed his eyes and concentrated as he performed the Jutsu Tsunade had taught him. Izumo still didn't know about his pregnancy. Iruka intended to tell him, but not now.

When he opened his eyes, his belly was gone. It wasn't completely

flat, there was still a small bulge, but he could easily hide it with his clothes.

"I'm coming..." Iruka opened the door on the second knock.
"Yes?"

"Iruka-senseeeei"

Iruka was greeted by Mirai Sarutobi who hugged him tightly, almost knocking the ch  nin down.

"Mirai-chan?" he blinked then lifted the little girl in his arms against his shoulder. "What are you doing here? Where's Kurenai?"

"She couldn't come, Iruka-sensei" Iruka stared in surprise at the man standing on the other side of the door, smiling at him. "I was coming here when I met her. She had to go on a mission, and asked if I could bring Mirai here...I hope we're not interrupting anything."

Iruka smiled back at him. "Ah... hello Hisayoshi-san. Don't worry, you're not interrupting anything. And thank you so much for bringing Mirai-chan. Kurenai usually brings her here when she has important things to do."

"Iruka-sensei, can we cook cake again?" Mirai asked with a grin.

"You mean bake? Yes we can do that." The Ch  nin couldn't help but smile. Mirai was such a cute little girl. She was just like her mother. They both had the same beautiful red eyes and dark hair. He wondered what his child would look like. Would she have his brown hair or Kakashi's silver one?  _she will be beautiful if her hair was like kaka  _Iruka immediately pushed that thought away. He didn't know why he was thinking about Kakashi. He really didn't want his child to look like the silver-haired man at all... "Stupid J  nin," he muttered.

Hisayoshi raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

Iruka looked up shocked, forgetting that Hisayoshi was still there. "Uh. Sorry, Hisayoshi-san. I was thinking about someone else. Please come in." Hisayoshi stepped inside, toeing his shoes off by the door. Iruka headed towards the kitchen. "Don't mind the mess." he said, placing Mirai on the floor. "Can I get you anything Hisayoshi-san? Tea? Cookies?"

The J  nin waved off his concern. Hisayoshi paused in Iruka's living room, eyes scanning the room, taking in the photos on the walls and the messy sprawl of papers across the coffee table, before dropping gracefully to the floor. "Grading?"

Iruka nodded, "Was about to, but I can do it later."

* * *

><p>Kakashi clutched the wicker basket in his hands. He was frustrated. Iruka was nowhere to be found. He'd gone to the hospital, but had been informed that the Ch  nin had already been released. Iruka wasn't at the Academy or with the Hokage, and for some reason,

Iruka had stopped working at the Mission Desk, which left Kakashi with a very limited number of places left to look. He went to Izumo's house, but it seemed like the tanned man wasn't living there anymore, and no matter what, Izumo wouldn't tell him Iruka's new address.<p>

Kakashi put the basket on the floor and took out a kunai from his back pouch and pressed the blade against his thumb until blood came, then he formed the seals for the summoning jutsu and pressed his hand flat onto the floor. Immediately, a cloud of smoke rose and the silhouette of his pug appeared.

"What is it, boss?", Pakkun asked and yawned.

"Find Iruka," Kakashi snarled.

Pakkun looked up in surprise, "What, did he finally get tired of you?"

Kakashi growled at him. "Just find him."

"Okay, okay." The pug sniffed around a bit. "You don't smell like him anymore, Boss."

"I know," Kakashi gritted out. "Just do it."

"Fine."

He started out at a trot but as he felt Kakashi's frustration leak out into his chakra he started to run. The jÅ•nin didn't seem to care. He saw the people stepping out of his way as fast as they could, wide eyed and staring. Kakashi seemed like he wasn't caring if he was ruining his reputation as a lazy and pervert jÅ•nin. He was building on the 'bat-shit crazy jÅ•nin' reputation instead.

* * *

><p>Hisayoshi was sitting in Iruka's kitchen, watching over the little Mirai as she ran all over the house while the ChÅ«nin washed the dishes.<p>

"She's is so smart," Hisayoshi said, taking a swig from the beer Iruka had given him. "So young and already understands the life of a ninja. I wish I was a little bit like her when I was her age."

Iruka frowned. He wiped his hands dry and sat across the JÅ•nin. "You do? Why?"

"Wellâ€¦I don't know. I really never understand why my mother had to go on missions and leaving me home alone." he explained. "She died during a mission and for years I hated her for abandoning me."

"But she didn't abandon youâ€¦"

"I know. She died protecting the village. She died so I could live."

"She died so you could live." Iruka repeated almost in a whisper. He placed his hand over his stomach thinking about the life inside of him. His parents also had sacrificed their lives for him. Maybe he

could do the same. He didn't know his daughter yet, but he already loved her and right now her life was more important than his.

That moment Iruka's thoughts were interrupted by Mirai. The little girl had stumbled and fallen, making little distressed noises and Hisayoshi left his beer on the table, stood up to go to her. He picked her, throwing her up in the air and catching her again, only to Iruka's horror. "Please don't do that..."

It was too late, Mirai sent all the content she had in her stomach to Hisayoshi's uniform. The J  nin looked disgustingly at his uniform then to Mirai who seemed happy with her doing. "Again _'yoshi-san, again." She giggled.

Iruka took Mirai from Hisayoshi's hold and placed her on the floor, "I don't think it's a good idea Mirai-chan." he said cleaning her mouth with a napkin, then he turned to Hisayoshi. "I'm sorry about that   please let me fix this. I have a spare uniform, please go to the bathroom I'll take it there."

Hisayoshi shook his head "No, It's okay Iruka-sensei. It was my fault. I forgot that she'd just eaten. I'll go home and change."

"Nonsense, I won't let you go out with vomit on your uniform."

Before Hisayoshi could complain again, Iruka left him in the middle of his living room and went to his bedroom, and Hisayoshi took the time to observe the apartment again. It was new; that much was clear for the way it was almost empty, a few boxes still unopened in a corner. He entered the bathroom, closing the door and looked around. It was really small, but also very neat.

He took off his vest and undershirt. The door of the bathroom opened and Iruka appeared with a folded and clean uniform on his hands. "Oh, sorry...i should have knocked..." The Ch  nin said embarrassed and Hisayoshi couldn't help it but smile.

He had noticed before that Iruka was attractive, now he was seeing he was gorgeous. He'd seen the Ch  nin schoolteacher so many times, but never had tried to get close to him because of certain silver-haired J  nin. Iruka had a nice body, and was a little bit shorter than him. But his most prominent feature, however, was the horizontal scar crossing the bridge of his nose. It was that scar what had made Hisayoshi look at him twice and think he was attractive at first.

"It's okay Iruka-sensei. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. We're both men after all."

Iruka smiled awkwardly. He saw Hisayoshi's blue eyes travel down his body and resting on his chest and stomach before moving back up to his dark-brown ones. The ch  nin noticed for the first time how incredibly handsome Hisayoshi's face was. He had pale skin and deep blue eyes. His hair was short and dark like coal. And just like Kakashi, he was fit and muscled in the right places.

Kami. Iruka quickly averted his gaze.

"Oh, you're not wearing it!" Hisayoshi said as took the uniform. Iruka blinked. He looked down where the J  nin was starting at.

"What?"

"Your ring...I guess it's really over between you and Kakashi."

"Oh, yes."

"So, how are you?" Hisayoshi asked.

"Oh, I'm just great," Iruka answered sarcastically. "My husband was having an affair. Couldn't be better."

Hisayoshi sighed. He put the shirt on and vest and zipped it up. "I just can't believe Kakashi did that to you. He can be a real asshole sometimes."

Iruka opened his mouth to defend the silver-haired man on instinct, but then caught himself. Hisayoshi was right. Kakashi was an asshole.

They waked silently to the living room. Iruka sighed heavily as he sat down on the couch and watched Mirai playing around the coffee table. Hisayoshi came and sat beside him. The J  nin shook his head and mumbled, "he doesn't deserve a guy like you."

Iruka scoffed. "Yeah. Right. 'Cause I'm such a catch." he waved his arms around his mess of a house as if modeling it for a showcase showdown.

Hisayoshi opened his mouth to respond, but changed his mind. They sat quietly for a moment.

As Iruka sat, he wondered if Kakashi had cheated with others besides Yamato. The J  nin had said that no, but Iruka wasn't sure if he could believe him.

After a few awkward moments, Hisayoshi finally spoke. "So, what are you going to do?"

"Well, I already filed for divorce, but Kakashi didn't sign the papers yet. And now I'm thinking about finding a bigger, place to live. All I know is that I'm not going back to him."

Hisayoshi smiled. He felt happy to hear those words. But Iruka didn't seem to notice it. "You wanna go grab some lunch?" he asked.

"No, that's okay. I'm not really up for it. Plus, I need to take care of Mirai."

"Aw, come on. We can take her with us. Look at you Iruka-sensei, you look so skinny. Need to eat something. It's just lunch. Come on. Get up."

Hisayoshi stood, grabbed Iruka's wrists and pulled him up, but it was so sudden, that Iruka tripped, smacked straight into his body. "Oof!"

Iruka's hands touched his vest and Hisayoshi's arms moved around the ChÅ«nin to keep him from falling.

Wow, he is warm and smells good.

"Okay. I'm okay," Iruka said quickly as he pushed away from Hisayoshi. "Let me get my hitae-ate and we can go."

"Okay. We'll wait for you here."

Iruka went to his bedroom and scurried to his closet. "This is a bad idea," he muttered to himself as he took his hitae-ate and tied it around his forehead. He headed to his living room. Hisayoshi and Mirai were sitting on the sofa playing.

When the JÅ•nin saw him, he stood up. "Ready?" He smiled.

Iruka nodded. "Yeah."

* * *

><p>Kakashi's eye narrowed as Pakkun led him to Ichiraku. He caught the sight of brown hair caught up in a bushy ponytail. He smiled, but it rapidly faded as he saw who was with his ChÅ«nin.<p>

Iruka was walking down the street, towards the ramen stand, holding one of Mirai's hand and Hisayoshi holding another.

Pakkun walked and stood in front of Kakashi. He glanced at teacher, and then at Kakashi, who was standing behind him watching Iruka with an unreadable expression and stealing glances at Hisayoshi.

Why is this guy smelling like Iruka-sensei, the pug thought._ This isn't going to be good_.

"Puppy..." It was Mirai's voice that made Iruka stop walking and looking down.

"Pakkun? What are you doing here?" Iruka looked up past the pug to where Kakashi was standing. The Copy-nin was watching Hisayoshi warily but the killing intent rolling off him was so strong that his chakra was seeping out and crackling in little bursts of lightening around his body.

"You better control that Boss, you're scaring people." The pug told Kakashi but the JÅ•nin seemed to ignore it. "Well, my work here is done." he said before disappearing.

Kakashi turned his attentions to Iruka. "You trying to get back at me?" he asked. "I fucked Yamato and you decide to see other people?"

End
file.